

THE GUIDON

DECEMBER, 1905



State Female Normal School
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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THE GUIDON

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THE GUIDON

“It were better

Youth should strive through acts uncouth

Toward making, than repose upon aught found made.”

—*Browning.*

VOL. 2

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No. 3

① Little Town of Bethlehem.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light.
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sins, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

—Phillips Brooks.

Yule-Tide Customs.

*They bring me sorrow mixed with joy,
The merry bells of Yule.—Tennyson.*

AMONG all the evenings in the year, and all the days, there is no other evening like Christmas eve, no other day like Christmas day. Whether the eve and the day be dark and stormy, or still and fair, it does not matter; the world looks different through this Christmas atmosphere. However sad or festive the occasion, however gay or gloomy the streets, whatever may be our surroundings, the Christmas feeling is there. A great disaster on Christmas eve or day shocks us as it does at no other season; a great joy comes in that sweet raiment of gladness that only Christmas brings.

In all civilized countries, the annual recurrence of Christmas has been celebrated with festivities of various kinds. Many Christmas customs and pastimes derive their origin from the sacrifices, which, in the days of heathenism, were appointed in order to render the gods propitious. Even the name of Yule is derived from the Old Norse *hjol*, which became *hjul* in Swedish. It means "wheel" and refers to the sun's wheeling or turning at the winter solstice.

Yule-tide points to heathen times, and to the annual festival held by the northern nations at the winter solstice, as a part of their system of sun or nature worship. In the Edda, the sun is styled "*fagrahvel*" (fair and shining wheel); and a remnant of his worship under the image of a firewheel survived in Europe as late at least as 1823. The inhabitants of the village of Konz, on the Moselle, had a custom, on Saint John's Eve, of taking a great wheel wrapped in straw to the top of a neighboring eminence, and making it roll down the hill, flaming all the way; if it reached the Moselle before being extinct, a good vintage was anticipated.

In Sweden, at Christmas it was formerly the custom to set little bowls of Yule-porridge and other eatables on the barn floor, together with a jacket, for the Tomtegubbe, in order that he might continue to bring prosperity to the house.

Another old custom, but now obsolete, was, to go on Christmas night, in the morning twilight, into a wood or forest, without uttering a word or letting a sound be heard, without looking around, without eating or drinking, or seeing any fire, or hearing a cock crow. If any one so qualified goes on the path leading to the church as the sun is rising, he will see as many funerals as will pass that way during the ensuing year, and see how the produce will be in the meadows and pastures, and whether any fires will break out, within the same period.

Nothing that is sown on Christmas eve perishes, though it be sown on the snow.

On Christmas night, at twelve o'clock, all the cattle rise up and continue standing for some time and then again lie down.

The hog of propitiation offered to the god Frey was a solemn sacrifice in the north; and in Sweden, down to modern times, the custom has been preserved of baking on every Christmas eve a loaf or a cake in the form of a hog. It is related that the Swedish peasants dry the baked Yule-hog, and preserve it till spring; then having pounded a part of it in the vessel out of which the seed is to be scattered, they give it mixed with barley to the plough-horses, leaving the other part to be eaten by the servants that hold the plough, in the hope of having a plentiful harvest.

In the north of England, the common people still make a sort of little image which they call Yule doos. The bakers formerly made, at this season, a Yule cake in the shape of a baby, representing probably the infant Christ; these they would give to their customers in the same manner as the chandlers gave Christmas candles.

In no country is Christmas more joyfully welcomed than in England. In that country it was the custom on Christmas eve, after the usual devotions were over, to light large candles and throw on the hearth glowing and blazing logs. At court and in the houses of the wealthy, an officer named the Lord of

Misrule was appointed to superintend the revels. The reign of the Lord of Misrule began on All-Hallow eve, February second. The favorite pastimes over which he presided were gaming, music, conjuring, dipping for nuts and apples, dancing, fool plough, hot cockles, blind man's buff, and similar joyous, if somewhat boisterous, games. The favorite dishes for breakfast and supper at this season were the boar's head, with an apple or an orange in the mouth, and further set off with rosemary, plum-pudding and mince pies. The homes and churches were decked with evergreens, especially with mistletoe.

Mistletoe was consecrated to religious purposes by the ancient Celtic nations of Europe and was held in peculiar veneration by the Druids, especially when found growing on the oak. Traces of this old superstitious respect for the mistletoe still survive, as in the custom of kissing under it at Christmas.

The burning of the Yule log is an ancient ceremony transmitted to us from our Scandinavian ancestors, who at their feast of Juul used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god Thor. A small portion of the Yule block was always preserved till the joyous season came again, when it was used for lighting the new Christmas block.

As an accompaniment to the Yule log is the Yule candle of monstrous size which sheds its light on the festive board during the evening. In many places, the exhaustion of the candle before the end of the evening was believed to portend ill-luck, and any piece remaining was carefully preserved to be burnt out at the owner's night wake.

In England, it was formerly the custom for a box, with a slit through which coin could be dropped, to be carried by prentices, porters and others at Christmas time, for the reception of money.

The Romans, Celts and Germans from oldest times celebrated this season with great feasts. At the winter solstice, the Germans held their Yule-feast and believed that during the twelve nights reaching from December twenty-fifth to January sixth, they could trace the personal movements on earth of their great deities. Some of these usages naturally passed over from heathenism to Christianity, and have partly survived to the present day.

The Church sought to banish the deep-rooted heathen element by introducing its grand liturgy, besides dramatic representations of the birth of Christ and the first events of His life. Hence arose the so-called "manger-songs" and the Christmas carols; hence also we find the Christmas tree adorned with lights and other decorations; hence comes the custom of reciprocal presents and the Christmas cards bearing a Christmas greeting; hence also, the custom of hanging up stockings, which are to be filled by Saint Nicholas. Christmas is the festival of childhood as Easter is the feast of adult years.

Nineteen centuries have passed since the first Christmas eve, but through all that time has the light of gladness, which Christmas brings, lingered round the hearts of men, and through all those ages it has not grown dim. Year after year passes by and is added to the past, but with each Christmas eve and day our homes and our highways are once more filled with the old sweet joy—the halo from that star which rose over Bethlehem.

ANNIE L. REYNOLDS.

Indian Legends.

“**S**HOULD you ask me whence these stories?
Whence these legends, and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With rushing of great waters,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
And of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you,
‘From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer.’”

Under an open sky, nestling close to the earth, one helping another in restoring some lost link in the original character of the tale, these stories are told. Every tribe had its story-teller who went from wigwam to wigwam. The Children of the Sun, as the Red children called themselves, loved to hear these tales beside the night fire. For them “the personified elements and other spirits played in a vast world right around the center fire of the wigwam.” Legends told in different parts of the country often contradicted each other, for the Indians who lived in one place probably knew nothing of the lives and stories of those who lived a few miles away. Different tribes differed in temperament and language, but their religious ideas were very much alike.

Among the most savage nations the opinion prevails that there are beings superior to themselves who manage by their might and wisdom the affairs of this world. The Supreme Deity they call the Great Spirit, whose power they believe to be infinite; to him they ascribe their victories in the field of battle and their success in the chase. “Nothing is more certain

than that the American Indians have an idea of a First Being, but at the same time nothing is more obscure. " They agree in general in making him the First Spirit, the Lord and Creator of the world. All tribes seemed to have the idea that the beginning of things was at a period when boundless waters covered the face of the earth, but there were various legends as to the way in which the earth was created and inhabited.

The Algonquins thought that on this infinite ocean there floated a raft, upon which were many species of animals, the captain and chief of whom was Michabo, the Great Hare.

They desired land on which to live, so the Great Hare ordered the beaver to dive and bring him up ever so little a piece of mud. The beaver obeyed, but after staying down as long as he could came up without having reached the bottom. The muskrat then asked permission to try, and after staying down until he was thoroughly exhausted came to the top with a small speck of mud. This, Michabo moulded into an island, into a mountain, into a country, and finally into this great earth that we dwell upon. As it grew Michabo walked round it to see how big it was, and the story added that he is not yet satisfied and he continues his journey and labor, walking forever around the earth, and ever increasing it.

He was believed to confer fortune in the chase, and therefore the hunters invoked him and offered to him tobacco and other dainties, placing them in the clefts of the rocks.

Though called the Great Hare, Michabo was always referred to as a man, the mighty father or elder brother of the race. He was chief among the manitous, the Great Spirit, the Father.

" Michabo was the sun-god and is said to sleep through the winter months; and at the time of falling leaves, by way of composing himself for his nap, he fills his great pipe and divinely smokes, the the blue clouds, gently floating over the landscape, fill the air with the haze of Indian summer. "

The Red men believe that after death, souls go to a region which is appointed to be their everlasting abode. This country is far to the west and the souls are several months traveling thither. They have great difficulties to surmount and dangers to pass through before they arrive at their journey's end. They

speaking especially of a river over which the departed must cross, a place where many have been wrecked. They tell of a dog from which it is not easy to defend one's self, and hint too of a place of torment. There are many beautiful legends of the Land of the Hereafter, of the Isles of the Blessed, of the Happy Hunting Grounds where all is joy and peace. There the forests are full of animals and the waters are full of fish, but all are without fear.

Most of the Indian legends are simple and nearly all of them have something in them about animals, but the coyote was always the favorite, as Br'er Rabbit is among the negroes, probably because of his cunning. He was generally the friend of the Indian bringing him help and knowledge. There is a grotesque story in which this humble animal figures as creator of the world and his master, man. It runs something like this:

There was no earth, only a great body of water, man had not been created, and except the coyote and his companion, the eagle, there were no animals.

The coyote grew tired of being alone so much of the time, for the eagle was away on his long flights, and he began to scratch in the air with his claws.

Something seemed to appear out of the nothingness around him. He watched it and found to his surprise that he was making the earth. He kept on scratching and finally land appeared.

The coyote was pleased, but the eagle coming home found fault, that the earth was too flat, there was no place for him to rest. So the coyote made the mountains, but the eagle said they were too low. Then the coyote grew tired and went to sleep and the eagle made the mountains as high as he pleased, and planted them with trees and bushes.

When the coyote had finished making the world and all the animals, he was ready to make man, but cunning as he was he hesitated about trying all alone to make so wonderful a being, so he called a convention. All the animals came and each gave different advice, each wanted the new creature made after his plan, and with his special attributes. So the coyote decided to follow his own plans and made a living man himself, not like any one animal, but having the good points of all.

The close community of nature which is assumed between man and brute is strikingly characteristic of primitive thinking. "It was real to them, and there was nothing incongruous to the Indian mind in these legends that seem to us so ludicrous and absurd. Now and then there is a story that betokens intentional humor."

The Indian mind was always puzzled concerning the visible phenomena of the world, and the fact that the cat always falls on its feet they explained by this story:

Some magicians are cruel, but others are gentle and good to all the creatures of the earth. One of these good magicians was one day traveling in a great forest. He lay down at the foot of a tree and the music of the forest lulled him to slumber. He closed his eyes and slept deeply.

As the magician lay asleep a great serpent came softly from the thicket. It lifted high its shining crest and saw the man at the foot of the tree. "I will kill him," it hissed, "I could have eaten that cat last night if this man had not called, 'Watch, little cat, watch.' So now I will kill him."

Closer and closer the deadly serpent moved. The magician stirred in his sleep. "Watch, little cat, watch," he said softly. The serpent drew back, but the magician's eyes were shut: it went closer. It hissed its war-cry. The sleeping magician did not move. The serpent was upon him—no, far up in the high branches of the tree above his head the little cat lay hidden. The little cat's body quivered with anger and with fear, for she was so little and the serpent was so big. "The magician was very good to me," she thought, and she leaped down upon the snake.

Oh, how angry the serpent was! It struck wildly at the brave little cat, but now the cat had no fear. Again and again she leaped upon the serpent's head, and at last the creature lay dead beside the sleeping man whom it had wished to kill.

When the magician awoke the little cat lay on the earth and not far away was the dead serpent. He knew at once what the cat had done, and he said, "Little cat, what can I do to show you honor for your brave fight; already you have so many gifts,

your eyes are quick to see, and your ears are quick to hear. You can run very swiftly. I know what I can do for you. You shall be known over the earth as the friend of man, and you shall always have a home in the home of man. And one thing more, little cat: you leaped from the high tree to kill the deadly serpent, and now as long as you live, you shall leap where you will, and you shall always fall on your feet."

The tales of Iktomi, who was one of the prominent characters of their myths, and who usually got into trouble, remind us of our Uncle Remus stories, and of Br'er Fox whose cunning so often betrayed him.

One summer day as Iktomi was walking alone across the prairie, he saw a coyote fast asleep. He held his ear close to the coyote's nose, but not a breath of air stirred from it.

"Dead!" said he at last. "Dead, but not long since he ran over these plains! See! there in his paw is caught a fresh feather. He is nice fat meat!"

Iktomi swung him across his shoulders. He trudged along with his burden, smacking his hungry lips together. All the while the coyote on his back lay gazing into the sky with wide open eyes. His long white teeth fairly gleamed as he smiled and smiled.

When Iktomi had reached his dwelling place, he let the coyote drop to the ground and built a large fire out of doors.

The flames leaped up high in red and yellow streaks. Iktomi took the wolf by his paws, and swinging him to and fro let him go into the bed of crackling embers. With a quick turn the wolf leaped out of the flames, scattering a shower of red coals upon Iktomi's bare arms and shoulders. Dumfounded, Iktomi thought he saw a spirit walk out of his fire. His jaws fell apart, he thrust a palm to his face, hard over his mouth. He could scarce keep from shrieking.

Sitting on his haunches on the opposite side of the fire, the coyote began to laugh.

"Another day, my friend, do not take too much for granted. Make sure the enemy is stone dead before you make a fire."

Then off he ran so swiftly that his long bushy tail hung out in a straight line with his back.

“The Red children loved the sun and the clear sweet air; and when at sunset they looked away towards the west they thought of the wonderful tent where Wahkeeyan, the air god, dwelt. This tent, which had four great doors, one looking east, one west, one south, one north, was guarded by four sentinels robed in scarlet. At the east gate there was a butterfly, of colors like the sunrise; at the west was a bear; at the south a fawn, and at the north a fleet reindeer. ”

Wonderful to the Red children were the winds as they swept across the plains, moving the trees and the flowers, but never, no matter how closely the children watched, forgetting to keep themselves a mystery.

“Wa-bund the East Wind, was always young and beautiful. He it was that brought the morning, and with his silver arrows chased the darkness down the valley.

There was the West Wind, Ka-be-yun, the strong soft wind that ever and forever, over all the winds of heaven, held supremest power. It was he that could drive away the clouds—the heavy water-laden clouds of the south, or the cold, cruel clouds of the north; and at his call the sun shone forth, the moon and the stars, and the blue sky smiled down upon the earth.

The South Wind, dreaming and drowsy, had his dwelling far to the southward, where summer never ended, and where the robins, the bluebirds, and the swallows dwelt.

The North Wind, the cruel, fitful Ka-bib-nok-ka, came from his lodge of snow-drifts, from his home among the icebergs. His hair, sprinkled with snow, floated behind him like a river.

“Thus the four winds were divided. And happy were the little Red children, when, curled up snugly in their blankets close beside the wigwam fire, they listened to the chiefs as they told the stories of them and of their dwelling-places in the corners of the heavens.”

The little Indians' lives were free and happy, for all day long they played beneath the trees among the grasses.

They called the winds and the stars their little brothers and “when the thunder rolled and the beautiful lightnings flashed, when the north wind roared and the trees in the great forest

bowed before the storm," the little black-haired aborigines rejoiced and their brave little hearts throbbed with delight. "For some day they would be tall, strong warriors, strong like the north wind, fleet like the lightning, terrible like the heavy thunder."

These are not mere childish stories. Although they savor strongly of the earth whence they sprang, they reflect the sky, and turn heavenward the thoughts of those

" Whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened. "

PAULINE WILLIAMSON, '06.
Cunningham.

Me and Mary.

MARY and me's twins; at least we're most twins, and faver says we look like twins, 'specially when we have on our new frocks that's got pockets in 'em. Mary's pocket is the biggest but she'vides her candy wiv me when she gets the most. Muvver says we're very gen-er-ous—if that means to 'vide your candy. I like genrus people, don't you?

But me and Mary's been thinking. We just don't zactly know about Santa Claus. Oh, he was aw-ful good to us 'nd we's get lots of candy, and cakes,—and-d can-dy—and lots of good things hid in our doll trunk! Now don't you tell anybody and don't you get any 'nd we'll give you a great, big piece. But you see it's this about Santa Claus.

Sally Ann (she's our cook) didn't never know about Santa Claus; 'deed she says she didn't, and she just as black as black can be 'nd she lets me and Mary make pies 'nd don't scold us a bit. Muvver says she is a very good darkey, but in-es-perunced. 'Nd me and Mary wanted Santa Claus to bring her something, too, 'nd we wrote him a letter—oh, 'deed we did, bofe of us wrote him a letter 'nd we told him all the fings we wanted—me and Mary did. 'Nd we wanted two big dolls that 'ud talk 'nd cry, and they do, too,—you just come home 'nd let me show you. 'Nd we wanted two sleds just like bruvver's, 'nd—'nd we fell down 'nd muvver won't let us go 'ceptin' some grown-up folks go wiv us. 'Nd then we wanted some oranges, 'nd cakes, 'nd candy, 'nd-d oranges, 'nd-d-d can-dy—'nd we axed Santa to send some to Sally Ann, too. 'Nd me and Mary got one of muvver's stockings 'nd hung it up for Sally Ann 'cause she wouldn't do it herself. Sally Ann said she specks he just comes to see white folks. But we begged him real hard 'nd we tol' him Sally Ann was good if she was black, 'nd she's little, 'nd-'nd she ain't old either. And oh, the good things he did bring us, 'nd Sally Ann

she squalled 'nd laughed, 'nd muvver says she 'joyed our things most as much as hers, and oh, dear ! I wish Christmus would come every week 'cause me and Mary did 'joy it so much ! 'Nd then me and Mary made Sally Ann go to her stocking an' it was so full it couldn't hold all the things. 'Nd Sally Ann, she just looked at it 'nd nen she just said, "Glory ! Glory !" 'nd she jumped 'nd she laughed 'nd she jus' kept on a-jumpin' 'nd a-jumpin.' 'Nd Santa Claus brought her real funny things. She had a great long gingham apurn, 'nd a pair of shoes, 'nd—'nd whole lots of fings, and she went way down to the toe (Oh ! ain't it nice to go way down to the toe) 'nd she found a little mug 'nd it had "Love Me" on it, 'nd I looked at Mary and she looked back 'gain 'cause I had a mug just perzactly like it that Santa Claus brought me a long time ago. 'Nd nen she had whole lots of pictures, 'nd me and Mary looked 'gain 'cause me and Mary had some just like some ov 'em. 'Nd Mary said real easy, "Le's go upstairs;" 'nd we did, 'nd we couldn't find my mug, 'nd we couldn't find me and Mary's pictures.

I wonder if Santa Claus got 'em 'nd didn't mean to. There's a chimbley in our play-room 'nd may be, may be he let his fings fall 'nd when he picked 'em up he got our fings too. Do you s'pose that's it ? Me and Mary don't 'zactly know but we won't tell Sally Ann.

Christmas Gift-Giving.

ONCE more we are nearing the glad Christmas tide, and almost beginning to feel the influence of those sacred hours when "No spirit dares stir abroad; the nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, no fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, so gracious and so hallowed is the time."

Christmas giving originated in the early Roman days when it was customary for the people to make gifts and offerings and to have masses said for whatever they wanted. At this season it was Christ mass, hence the term Christmas gift.

Christmas with its Christmas giving knits closer the ties of home, binds stronger the chords of friendship and makes the community better throughout the year because of it. Some one has said, the true sentiment of successful gift-making is to blend sentiment with suitability. That takes thought and it is thought that gives a present its finest value. Gifts should not only be chosen for their suitability but should involve an element of self sacrifice which Ruskin finds "to be the compelling charm of costly things." The Christmas giving which rings true is such as is "twice blessed, it blesses him that gives and him that takes." It is the one time of the year when rich and poor, proud and lowly, should have common ground for saying, "God bless us every one."

The universal observance of Christmas is shown by the way in which it has become a gift-giving, good-wish-bearing time of cheer, but we should not forget its religious significance, that it commemorates the time when angel hosts announced a Savior's birth, and the spirit of giving should be the Christ spirit.

ELIZABETH REDD.

Argus.

Jus' Befo' Chris'mus.

Chris'mus is a commin' fas', honey,
An' you'll hang up yo' li'l' sock.
Yo' pa, he ain't got no money,
But ole Sante is always in stock.
Ole Chris he doan slight de po' folks,
Eben us niggars has our share,
So go 'way, chile, now doan coax
Fo' I tell you he'll sho' be dare.

Go 'way, baby, doan bodder yo' mammy.
Doan you see she's lots to do?
I's got to darn socks for Sammy,
An' a whole lot o' patchin' fo' you.
Doan mess aroun' in de close ches',
Keep 'way from de pantry do';
Fo' I tell you, ole mammy she knows bes';
Ole Sante mightn't come no mo',

And when all de tings is made ready
An' de log has been laid on de fire,
When yo' heart gets to beatin' unsteady
As de time keeps a drawin' nigher,
You mus' put yo haid un' de kibber
An' shut yo' eyes up tight
So's you'll hear de bells up de ribber
As he comes a drivin' in dat night.

MARY MOSBY STEPHENS.

Argus.

The Experiences of Three Freshmen;

Or,

How They Came to a New School.

WITH hearts heavy with good-byes and hands heavy with baggage, they struggled up the gang plank. When they had waved a last farewell to the receding shore, they turned their faces toward the unknown, eager with expectation, full of desire for all adventures. These came fast enough. The change from the boat to the train was almost fatally prolonged because of the mandolin they had insisted on carrying and on which not one of them could play a tune.

At last they reached Petersburg.

"Is this Petersburg?"

"Yes."

"We will see the town then."

They came away with a vivid impression of a crowded depot and of two ten-cent stores.

"Hello!"

"That was a girl from home." *Sotto voce.*

"Maybe the man in front is Mr. Jarman."

"Seems to know right much about the place and looks rather learned."

They settled back with sighs.

Then there came the excited whisper, "Look over there. Can that lady with the waving plume be one of the teachers?"

"Which one?"

They racked their brain to think of some name in the catalogue which would fit the plume.

Just then the supposed Mr. Jarman began preparing to leave the train.

"Could this be Farmville?"

There was an eager craning of necks. "No!" "Bloomberg" read the sign.

Interest flagged for a few minutes.

Just then there was a chorus of yells from the girls in their coach and they beheld a tall thin girl enter. She was a Normal girl. Could her experiences have been so terrible as to have reduced her so?

Three solemn faces settled back against the cushions to meditate over future prospects. Little black clouds settled uninvited upon their spirits. They were nearing Farmville.

Soon much hustling and preparations announced the nearness of their destination.

"Shall I give our baggage checks to that boy?"

"No, indeed."

"Hold on to them until you see the man named Mr. Cox."

"Oh, o-o-o!"

That important transaction over, they hurried on, borne forward by the resistless pressure of a hundred others. Like sheep they struggled up the hill, looking out for the first glimpse of the school. Suddenly they turned a corner and there in full sight was the stately pile of bricks.

In dreary file they followed a fluttering white ribbon into a long, low room. Here they sat until they were finally ushered with fear and trembling to their own room—fear that it would not be all they hoped for, trembling from excitement and fatigue. They seated themselves with a smile of possession and a sigh of contentment, but one jumped up and flew into the closet to count the hooks. After indulging in the mathematical calculation necessary in order to find out how many hooks each could claim, they felt the need of fresh air.

They then strolled on the campus looking for objects described in the catalogue. The monotony of this was broken by the sudden fall of one in the mud. O tempora! O mores! and their trunks had not come!!!

Then came the excitement of supper. There was a perfect onrush. They were carried as by the tide of the invasion and at last found themselves near a table. To this table they tenaciously held during the following week and resisted all attempts of others to secure it. It was their only foothold, and had to be forcibly retained.

Next day the cry on every hand was, "Have you matriculated?" The wondering freshmen looked at each other with puzzled countenances and finally consulted Webster. As he described it as a painless operation, for which chloroform was not necessary, they took heart of grace and matriculated.

The first mail calls! Oh, the gloom and disappointment! Letters were so few and far between, clearly the home people had forgotten them.

During the first few days they made but few friends with the old girls. They wondered and talked over this and finally decided that this aloofness was due to their seclusion, so one afternoon two of them went out in a perfect gust of making friends. The other decided to follow later on after she had finished her letter and meet some of the newly acquired friends. She went out and walked all around and presently she caught sight of two dim outlines in a secluded part of the campus. They were her two companions, sitting alone, brooding.

It is all clear now. The three freshmen have been made to understand how they were too independent, not home-sick enough, and how they had committed a few sins unpardonable in the eyes of the old girls.

Resolution: We have decided as a benefit to humanity and especially to freshmen to publish a warning against the pitfalls into which we all unconsciously fell, and thereby prevent much undue suffering.

(Signed) Two FRESHMEN.

A Thanksgiving Experience.

ALL good ghosts, once in their *spirit* days, are allowed the privilege of revisiting that home which had been theirs before they entered "Ghostdom." They are also permitted to select the day for their return.

When the chief ghost of "Ghostdom" called in hollow, metallic tones for the ghost of Abinadab Foote to come forward and name the day on which he would return to the home of his livelier years, there was a little stir in a far away tomb. Abinadab stepped forth and knelt before the kingly tomb, confused because he knew not what to say. He thought of the many long days of labor, the brief hours of joy that had filled his earthly life. What would give him most pleasure? What day of all the year would he choose to live over? There were the 'log-rollings' and the "breaking-out" of the old post-road after a heavy, drifting, New England snowstorm; there was the spring planting when the flowers were so beautiful and the nesting birds filled the world with their glad song; there was the husking and the harvesting in the autumn. He thought about the excitement of the lengthy political discussions in the old town-hall and the delight of making a speech. He remembered the good, long sermon of Brother Fight-the-good-Fight Winthrop.

He was still debating the question when there flashed upon him an image of the rich, yellow pumpkin field, the apple tarts, the barn floor covered with corn ready to be husked, a barrel of apples in every corner of the room, and a thousand and one other sights which he remembered having seen on Thanksgiving Day. So with a brief apology to the ghost king for his hesitation, he said that he would chose Thanksgiving Day for the day of his return.

He made himself ready for his eventful journey. On the eve before Thanksgiving, he bade a brief farewell to his fellow-spirits and went out of "Ghostdom" into the home of his boy-

hood, the *town* of Boston, and straight into the old house where his descendants still lived.

While glancing through some books in a case in his old room, his eyes fell upon one which, upon closer examination, proved to be the diary of Abinadab Foote—he who was. Abinadab said to himself, “To make this day seem more like the good old days, I shall, ere I depart, write once more on the pages of this familiar book.”

The great-great-grandson of Abinadab Foote walked into the library of his home in Boston the day after Thanksgiving and idly picked up a ragged book, yellow with age. He had read this book through again and again, but always found pleasure in re-reading it. Looking through it, he noticed, to his great surprise, that there was some fresh ink on the paper. He read the name and date and became exceedingly perplexed at this mysterious affair. He deemed this a fit subject for the Society for Psychical Research, so he at once reported it. While the members of this society are pondering over this strange thing and trying to explain its occurrence, we who are in the secret may take a peep at the newly-written pages.

“The Day of Thanksgiving has almost drawn to its close. Ere I depart from this world of gaiety and life into the realms of cold and darkness, such as provide a habitation for all ghosts, I, Abinadab Foote, shall write the experiences of this memorable day in this book, though I am pained to observe that its pages have become yellow and mildewed.

“I entered the hall of my home at 4 because I remembered that Thanksgiving to us was a gala day and we had to rise early in order to prepare for its festivities. To my surprise, the house was cold and dark. I went into the kitchen, thinking that perhaps the family were all there seeing the finishing touches put on the Thanksgiving turkey. Like the hall, this room was cold and dark. I began to feel as if I were back in my old tomb. I went to the mantel-shelf and felt for the tinder-box, but it was not there. This made me think that my relations were extremely careless in their housekeeping.

“In running my hand over the shelf, I knocked down some small sticks and accidentally stepped on one. To my astonish-

ment, sparks began to fly from it. I walked warily to a chair and sat down. I was afraid to move now, because I knew not what mischief I might cause. So I decided that since there were no candles and no tinder-box, there was nothing for me to do but sit and wait. When the sun began to peep over the eastern horizon, I arose and commenced looking about me. The old fireplace, in which I had so often seen the large brass kettle and the roasting-oven, was now covered with a sheet of zinc. I looked to find the old oven, the cricket, and the jack, but they were not in sight. It is impossible for me to believe that the people ever have food well cooked, especially the meat, since they have thrown away the jack and all the other cooking utensils we used. In the middle of the kitchen there was an immense iron box-like affair with a great many compartments. This, I afterward learned, was where the cooking was done. By this time I had become very thirsty. Perhaps you may doubt this, but you must remember that though a ghost, I had now come back to earth and had taken on some of the attributes of a human being. I went to find the water bucket, but found no bucket, no gourd, no water. I finally came to the conclusion that the people were all away from home, else the place would not seem so deserted. In one corner of the room I saw a kind of screw projecting from the wall. My curiosity (another human attribute I had assumed upon my return) was aroused; I *must* turn that screw. I did so, and to my surprise, water began to run from it. You need not ask how the water got there. This is more mysterious to me than the happenings in "Ghostdom." Fire had sprung from little sticks, and now water gushed from the wall. I decided to conclude my investigations in the kitchen. I had no idea what would happen next.

"I again entered the house and could but gaze in amazement on the many strange furnishings. The first article of furniture that attracted my attention was the old kitchen settle. There it was in the front hall, beside a fireplace that wouldn't hold a two-foot back log. What would mother have thought had she seen it there?

"The walls of the room I had once called my own were now covered with shelves which were filled with books. I suppose

there must have been five thousand. The sight of books called forth many pleasant memories, and I decided to look at them more closely. To my disgust, I saw that almost all of them had 'gay, giddy bindings instead of the calf-skin or decent coverings of black.'

"One book, through, held my attention. It was a large book, bound in black, having the title 'Innocents Abroad.' I expected to find it, from the title, 'a grave discourse on the snares that Satan sets for the innocents in this wicked world.' Though I never did hold with the worthy Jonathan Edwards on the subject of the damnation of infants, I sat me down heartily to read the sermon of the Reverend Mark Twain.

"The matter was not at all in keeping with the binding and the title. My grave judgment disapproved of his gay, frivolous, light-hearted fooleries—but still I continued to read, for I do love a merry jest and this Mark Twain hath a pretty wit. I fear I became somewhat fascinated, for when I put down the book I found that I had been reading more than an hour, though it had seemed only a few minutes.

"At last, I heard footsteps going into the parlor. Soon a dark man, dressed as though for a wedding, walked into the room and said, 'Madame is served.' Nor could I discover what he meant, but I saw my great-great-grandson and his wife and daughters go into the dining-room, so I followed them there, though I heard no breakfast bell; but I suppose one must have rung as the people took seats at the table. The table was covered with such queer, fragile-looking dishes. Knives and forks were scattered about on it. I do not think my great-great-grandson inherited any of my son's sense of economy.

"After the breakfast was over, the family returned to the parlor. What I saw there grieved me terribly. The children ran in first and sat down without waiting for their parents. Instead of using the respectful tones that I had always used in addressing my parents, they cried out, 'Mama!' I have no idea what they meant by such jargon, but it must have been something very disrespectful, judging from the tones of their voices.

"Soon the time for preaching arrived. The people departed for the church to hear the Thanksgiving sermon. To my sur-

prise and astonishment, instead of going on horseback, as we had always done, they rode in a queer looking vehicle which at first frightened me terribly,—even though ghosts are not thought to be capable of feeling fear. It came running down the street at such great speed that I could not tell in which direction it was going. All the family rushed forward and jumped in, in an extremely undignified manner. I walked on with ease and dignity, thinking it would ill-become a deacon of the Old South Church to conduct himself with too great a degree of haste. While I was climbing in, off went the vehicle, and I only half in was tossed and jerked and pushed and pulled until I was almost sure that I was going to fall. Finally, I tumbled into a seat. I was heartily thankful that ghosts are invisible, for I am sure that I was a ridiculous sight with my coat-tails sticking straight out, my stock turned backwards, my best hat crushed and tilted right over my eye, my red bandanna handkerchief hanging from my pocket and flying loose in the wind.

“When I recovered from the fright caused by my hasty entrance, I looked out to see what fiery horses were drawing this vehicle. No horses! A carriage without horses! How much more mysterious than fire from a stick, even, or water from a screw! It was an awful thing to see, but by the time I had reached the church I was enjoying my ride immensely. I afterwards learned that this peculiar vehicle was called a street-car.

“The sight of the familiar old church awakened in me a feeling of pleasure. It, at least, has not been changed, I thought. But I was greatly mistaken. In place of the old square pews I saw cushioned pews, and in the pulpit I saw a mere boy. I smiled at the thought of that lad’s preaching. The sight of the cushioned pews also called forth a smile. It would have been very uncomfortable for these poor bones to have sat upon a hard, square pew. I seated myself and then discovered that the preaching had already begun. Think of being late at a Thanksgiving sermon! How horrifying! I glanced around to see how it was affecting my great-great-grandson, but to my amazement he wore a complacent smile, just as if being late were an every day occurrence.

"Another thing which caused much perturbation in my mind was the fact that the boys did not occupy the boys' pew in the gallery, but were scattered about in the church. I looked for the tithing-man to come and call them to order, but none appeared.

"We had been in church only about thirty minutes, it seemed, when I saw the head of Abinadab, Jr., begin to fall forward in a manner which clearly showed that he would soon enter the Land of Nod. But the preacher saved him from this disgrace by loudly calling, "Amen." I thought he was about ready to begin his sermon, but the people evidently thought it was over, so they began to leave the house.

"Oh! how I wish I had looked less and listened more. I must have missed an eloquent sermon, judging from the uproar made after the service. But the sermon was extremely short. I should think that the preacher could have made it a little longer, especially as this was Thanksgiving Day. However, it was rather pleasant to be dismissed so early. It is difficult not to, yet so irreverent to sleep in church. I suppose the congregation felt they had an additional thing that day for which to be thankful—their short sermon.

"On reaching my old home I amused myself by watching my relations and their numerous visitors. I had heard that they were to have a party. I thought, now will come the apple-paring or the husking-bee, always saved for Thanksgiving. But the people did nothing but gather around tables and noisily play with some pieces of cardboard and little round chips.

"After they had played until they were tired, they were led into the dining-room. The table was loaded with things, but the only familiar sight I saw was the turkey, and he was so dressed I hardly recognized him.

"After luncheon (I learned that this meal was so called) we went to see a game of football. I hardly knew what to expect. I had seen a *foot*, and I had seen a *ball*, but a game of *football* had never come into my range of vision.

"When we came in sight, the people were yelling like wild Indians, I saw a crowd of men down on the ground, fighting as it seemed to me. No one seemed to care whether they were

killed or not, for no one tried to stop them. To my surprise though, in a few minutes I saw someone rush forward with a big ball. I suppose they must have been fighting over that. Then began such excitement. Everybody wanted the ball. I became satiated with interest. Every time the man in blue got the ball I fairly screamed. Once they knocked him down, but he was up in a flash. I could not refrain from joining the others in yelling, 'Go it, George ! You're it !' I found myself after the game in a throng of hustling young people. It was very amusing and exciting.

"I shall now relate my other experiences, and set forth my judgment concerning these manifold"—

"The cock crows ! Let me hasten. What says the old verse ?

"The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
'Gin we be mis't out o' our place
A sair pain we maun bide.'"

FLORENCE LINDWOOD INGRAM, '06.

Argus.

A Tale of the Sixties.

IT WAS in the year 1863. The great war between the states was being waged in all its fury. But over the plantation where lived the dark-eyed Anabelle Morgan the sky was blue, the day was as calm as though war had never been. Peace reigned; war seemed but a dream. Alas, how soon was that dream to fade!

Suddenly on the calm morning air of that bright December day sounded the loud boom of a cannon. Mrs. Morgan and Anabelle, who were the only ones at home except the servants, were at breakfast. Each started to her feet at the sound. Anabelle rushed wildly to the door; the mother with white fixed face sat down again calmly.

Just then the door flew open, and trembling with mortal fear the household servants rushed in.

"Save us, save us!" they cried. "The Yankees have come, the Yankees have come."

Mrs. Morgan turned her face with its deathlike calmness towards them. "Fools," she cried with poignant emotion, "Fools, you need not be afraid. The Yankees are not going to hurt you. My son is over there; they are shooting at him," and she fell back in her chair. With cowering, timorous glances the servants crept away. Anabelle went to her mother's side.

"God will take care of Leigh," she said. "Come away, mother," and she led her to her room. All day they listened together to the roar and boom of the cannon. About the middle of the afternoon the firing ceased. Soon stragglers from the Confederate army began to pour in. "A great Confederate victory," they reported. A messenger arrived about the same time from the Southern general asking Mrs. Morgan if he might send ten or twelve wounded prisoners to her home to remain until they could be sent to the army hospital, which would be in a day or two. Mrs. Morgan willingly consented.

And so about sunset the litters began to come slowly in bearing the wounded soldiers. In a little while the surgeon arrived. He dressed their wounds and after all had been made as comfortable as possible, left them to the care of the orderly and galloped off to other sufferers.

That night as they lay, wounded and in pain, more than one soldier thought, with a sharper pang of homesickness than ever before, of the loved ones at home,—for it was Christmas eve. And sleep closed their eyes but to carry them in dream to that land of their heart's dearest love. The night passed, the day came, and the soldiers drifted back from the land of dreams to the land of terrible reality. As they lay, half awake, half asleep, dimly conscious of their surroundings, softly the door opened and the beautiful Anabelle Morgan entered. Each head turned toward the door.

"I thought," said she, in her clear sweet voice, "that when you awoke from happy dreams of Christmas and of loved ones it would be so hard to find yourself wounded and in a strange place. And so I have come to give you a Christmas greeting and to play for you if you wish it."

Clamorously they assented. She spoke to a servant and in a moment he moved her great golden harp near the middle of the room. Seating herself, she began playing a soft, sweet melody. Song followed song, old household favorites, gay soldier tunes, tender melodies of love and longing, plaintive airs that whispered to the heart. Now and then some soldier would ask for a favorite song, and she complied with the simple sincerity of a child, unconscious of herself, unaware of the strange surroundings, bent only upon giving pleasure to others. To one man at least she seemed the flower of perfect womanhood. How daintily fine and fair she was, how unstudied her movements, as she swept the strings of her harp, every line of her changing attitudes expressing in some subtle way her gracious personality, every note of her sweet voice vibrant with sympathy. And yet how impersonal it was; no man could penetrate her reserve and take to himself one note or one glance. While he lay thinking these things she sang a beautiful Christmas hymn and rose to go.

As she passed the bed where the young lieutenant lay, he

said faintly, "She is so like Alice." Hearing the voice, Anabelle looked up and saw two luminous brown eyes looking full at her with a chivalrous reverence in their dark depths that made her eyelids instinctively droop. She looked quickly up again. "Did you speak to me, sir?" she asked.

"You are so much like my little sister at home," he said. "When you sang that song it carried me back to the happy Christmas I spent at home two years ago. Alice and I sang together that self-same hymn. As you sang it this morning I almost felt that I was at home again and that you were Alice."

"I could wish it were so for your sake," she said sweetly. "But now I must go, for I fear the doctor will not like it if I keep you talking when perhaps you should be quiet."

"You will come again?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," she answered and was gone.

The next morning the order came that all of the wounded soldiers be removed to the army hospital. The lieutenant, however, was so badly wounded that it was found impossible to move him without the risk of serious injury. Mrs. Morgan therefore willingly consented for him to remain.

The days passed all too quickly for the lieutenant. What cared he for a paltry wound so long as the beautiful Anabelle Morgan was near. Listening to her voice, he forgot all else. But this Elysium was not to last; the wound would heal, and within a month he found himself strong enough to be in the field again. His exchange had been effected and there was no longer any excuse for staying; he must leave Manor Hall despite its attractions.

It was one of those beautiful balmy days in late July. Out on the veranda, enjoying the delightful breeze that had sprung up at the approach of evening, sat Russel Edwards and near him Anabelle Morgan working busily away on a piece of embroidery. Mrs. Morgan had gone into the house a minute ago. For some time after she left both were silent; Anabelle was just at an interesting point in her design, and Russel was thinking,—we will not inquire of what.

"I leave Manor Hall to-morrow," said Russel breaking the silence, and he watched Anabelle's face, though in vain, for some sign of emotion.

She looked up with a smile. "So you are going back to test your strength with the rebels again? Forgive me if I cannot wish you success." Then she added, "But we shall be sorry to see you go."

"She cares not for me," thought Russel bitterly. "No need to wait for an open refusal; she has shown plainly enough what her feelings are."

The following morning he left Manor Hall. Anabelle stood on the steps to say good-bye.

"When the war is ended and peace smiles for us once more may not Russel Edwards come back and thank the little rebel girl for all her kindness,—not least among them, the songs she sang?"

"When I sang my songs I sang to a wounded and homesick man. Now that he is well he is a Yankee soldier again. I am a Southern girl. Farewell." She turned and walked into the house. He leaped upon his horse and soon was out of sight.

The days pass on. Sherman was passing through South Carolina on his march from Atlanta. He had halted near the little village of——. Foraging parties had gone out, scouring the country in all directions. Meanwhile it had been reported that one Captain Morgan, a brave Confederate officer, was in the vicinity; visiting his aunt, Mrs. Pembroke. A party was at once dispatched to that lady's house to search it.

As the soldiers rode up in the yard, Mrs. Pembroke herself came to the door.

The captain bowed. "Madam," he said, "I am under the painful necessity of searching your house for the Confederate Captain Morgan, whom we have reason to believe is in there."

"Sir, you shall not search my house," Mrs. Pembroke answered calmly,—for Captain Morgan was indeed at that moment in the house.

"But, madam, my orders are positive."

"I say you shall not enter this door save over my dead body," was the firm reply.

"Oh, push the canting rebel out of the way," said one of the soldiers, a rough, brutal fellow, coming forward.

Mrs. Pembroke glanced at him with a look of supreme contempt. With a stern rebuke from his captain, he was ordered to the rear.

"Madam, I am sorry, but I must report to headquarters the result of my mission. And I warn you that you may look for other bluecoats before morning." He bowed, then turning, he gave the word of command and they were soon galloping back over the route they came.

When they reached camp, the captain reported at once to the colonel. He found the colonel pacing the floor in angry meditation. As the captain entered he looked up, "What is it now, Edwards? Have you missed the vagabond rebel? It will be just my luck if you have. I am doomed to ill-luck. The stars foretold it at my birth. I tried not to believe such paltry things, but circumstances are forcing me. But what of Captain Morgan, did you catch him?"

"No, colonel, I did not."

"I knew it! I knew it!" the colonel burst forth. "Misfortunes never come single-handed."

"But, colonel, this is not the first rebel who has escaped unscarred. Why would it be such a great calamity for this one to escape?"

"Captain Morgan is one of the bravest of rebels, and as such is well worth capturing. But,—I can trust you, Edwards?" he said, lowering his voice.

"I can hope that I have not proven myself unworthy of such trust."

"Well, I will tell you. I have a little personal interest in the capture of Morgan. I see no harm in making the affairs of the army serve my own ends, so long as it can be done consistently with my duty as an officer. This Captain Morgan's sister, Miss Anabelle Morgan by name, scorned my love. This is my revenge. You may think this is poor revenge. But it would hurt Miss Morgan's pride very much for her brother to be captured sneaking around home. I know my victim."

"Colonel Hormann, you have not allowed me to finish my report," said Edwards as soon as the colonel paused.

"Well, go on."

"I did not search the house—"

"Did not search the house ! Pray, sir, who authorized you to disobey my orders ?"

"My sense of chivalry gave me all the authority I needed."

"Your sense of chivalry ! To the d—— with your chivalry ! You shall suffer for this."

"But, sir, let me explain. Would you enter a house when a lady stands in the door and tells you that you shall enter only over her dead body ?"

"Did she say that ?" said the colonel, catching eagerly at the words.

"She did, sir."

"And so she dares to resist my authority," said the colonel complacently to himself. "And that proud minion, Miss Morgan, is also in the house. Sweet shall be my revenge !" Then turning to Edwards, he said, "Sir, I give you one chance to redeem your honor."

"I was not aware that my honor was under the necessity of being redeemed," was the reply of Edwards.

"You disobeyed my order. I give you a chance to prove your loyalty by obedience."

"What is it, sir ?"

"Go, burn the rebel's house. Teach her when to resist our authority."

Edwards was stupefied. "Burn the house !"

"I believe that is what I said."

"I shall appeal to General Sherman," and Edwards left the room.

Hormann's brow darkened for an instant, then he chuckled, "He thinks to find in Sherman an angel of mercy who never heard of such a thing as burning a rebel's house. I happen to know him better than that."

Meanwhile Edwards with hasty steps made his way towards the general's headquarters. When he entered, the general was reading dispatches that had just arrived. Without waiting to be addressed, Edwards broke forth, "General, do you countenance orders to burn houses over women, turning them out shelterless ?"

"What is the matter, captain? What has happened?"

Edwards told his story.

"And you refused to obey orders?" asked the general.

"I did, sir."

"Were you aware that a soldier's first duty is to obey?"

"Do you then command me to burn the house?"

"Such were your orders, you say."

Quickly unbuckling his sword, Edwards handed it to the general. "Here, sir. I will serve no general who orders me to make war on the women of the land, burning the houses over their heads."

The general put the sword gently back. "No, Edwards, we cannot give you up. This dirty work is sometimes necessary, but we have plenty of men who are willing and ready to do it without forcing it upon such chivalrous souls as yours."

"The house will be burnt, then."

"Oh, we will let the colonel attend to his own business."

"General, I happen to know that two ladies live alone in this house. If their home is burnt they will be utterly shelterless, and with no one to whom they can look for help. May I go and serve as their protector, escorting them to any place of safety to which they may desire to go?"

"Oh, certainly," said the general. "I would not have the ladies suffer."

The general had said, "Let the colonel attend to his own business." The colonel did attend to his own business and that quite zealously. He himself after the party dispatched to burn the house had been gone some time, rode over to gloat his vengeance in the eyes of her who had rejected him. Edwards arrived about the same time.

Mrs. Pembroke and Miss Morgan were standing a little distance from the burning house, watching the flames leap higher and higher about their beloved home. The colonel approached them. "I am sorry, Mrs. Pembroke," he began, "to have been laid under the painful necessity—"

"A truce to your apologies, colonel," broke in Miss Morgan. "None are necessary. We were not at all surprised after we learned the name of the colonel."

Hormann bit his lip in chagrin. Just then Edwards approached.

"Are you too one of them?" cried Miss Morgan with bitter emphasis.

"I had thought Miss Morgan knew me better than that."

"Forgive me, Capt. Edwards," she cried, "but we hardly know who to trust in these dreadful times."

She then turned and presented Edwards to Mrs. Pembroke as Lieutenant Edwards. Edwards expressed his willingness to be of help to them in any way he could.

"It is now indeed that we need a friend. We have no home nearer than Virginia."

"Ah, Manor Hall," said Captain Edwards. "But is there no house nearby where you should like to find a temporary home?"

"I guess, Anabelle, we had better go to Colonel Lyons'," said Mrs. Pembroke. "Mr. Edwards will go with us."

"I am at your command, madam," replied that gentleman.

"It sickens me to see the house burning," she continued; "the house where I was born and married and where my father was married."

"Nathless, madam," broke in the colonel, "no one can deny that it is a grand sight." Then in a lower voice to Anabelle, "I am revenged!"

"What is that, colonel?" asked Edwards.

"It is nothing to you, sir."

"Whatever concerns these ladies, sir, in the way of either direct or implied insult, is something to me."

"Ha, lies the wind in that quarter?"

"I do not understand you, colonel. I am sure every gentleman should be the self-appointed protector of every lady. More especially, I have taken upon myself individually to protect these ladies who are now shelterless as a result of your villiany."

"What is that, sir?"

"I dare say the colonel heard me."

"Captain Edwards will answer for that," and the colonel threw his glare between them.

"Come, Capt. Edwards," said Miss Morgan, "you promised to escort us to Colonel Lyons'."

"I must waive the question of my honor, since I am already engaged," said Edwards to the colonel.

"Coward!" muttered the colonel between his teeth, but Edwards had already moved off with the ladies and so did not hear him.

When they reached Colonel Lyons' they were hospitably welcomed by that gentleman. He and Mrs. Lyons were warm in their expressions of sympathy for them and in their denunciation of the heinous act, and that almost without provocation.

As the ladies were about to enter the house Captain Edwards requested Miss Morgan to remain a few minutes as he wished to speak to her.

"The grand old trees invite us," he said, glancing down the long colonnade which led to the house. "Shall we walk?" She nodded.

They walked on in silence a little way. "This is probably the last time we shall ever walk together," he said. "The dangers of war forbid us to value our lives at more than a bullet is worth. But if mine should be spared, may I not hope that though now a Yankee soldier, Miss Morgan will not always look upon me with disfavor?"

"God forbid," cried Anabelle, "that I should look upon you with disfavor. You have been to me all that a brother could be in the trying experience I have just passed through."

"May I not hope some day to be more to Miss Morgan than even a brother?"

She looked up in surprise. Without noticing the look, Russel continued passionately, "I love you, Anabelle. I loved you the first time I saw you,—Christmas morning when you sang to us, wounded soldiers. O Anabelle, say you will be my wife."

She was looking down now, but with a firm voice she answered, "I can not." She looked up as she continued, "I am sorry, Capt. Edwards, but however much I might have thought of you under other circumstances, as it is I cannot but remember that you are my country's enemy; even now you are invading my native soil; your hands are red with the blood of my brother."

"If my hands are stained with blood, Miss Morgan," he answered, "they have been stained in honorable warfare. I am fighting for my country, I am obeying the voice of my native land."

"That does not alter my decision," she said. "You are my country's enemy and I cannot marry you."

"Must I then give up all hope?" he cried desperately. "When the war is over—"

"Never!" she said, "when you lay down your arms it will be because the necessity which caused you to take them up is past."

"O cruel, cruel woman!" he cried.

She held out her hand. "Farewell."

"We part forever!"

"Forever," she answered.

"Farewell." He was gone.

One evening about a month later Anabelle happened to be reading in one of the few Southern papers of the day an account of a skirmish with the Federals. Why does she suddenly start and grow pale? She has seen, as the only Federal officer killed in the skirmish, the name of Russel Edwards. Though Captain Edwards was a Federal officer the paper could not refrain from praising his bravery in the charge. Over the paper Anabelle bowed her head, and who could forbid the tears? What is that she is murmuring? "So young, so noble, and so true."

The Colonial Ball.

ON FRIDAY evening, November 17, the Cotillon Club gave a most picturesque and enjoyable colonial ball. The gallery of the gymnasium was very attractively decorated in a profusion of white and red, the club colors. The balcony was crowded with eager guests, each member of the club having invited three of her friends.

The dainty little colonial ladies with their gallant beaux filled the room soon after eight o'clock. How lovely were the maidens in their paint and powder and patches! The quaint, sweet gowns of their grandmothers made them very bewitching. There were many-ruffled gowns of white, and gowns of pink, little flowered frocks, and perhaps most attractive of all, because of their historic interest, were the gowns of brocaded silk and real lace, family heirlooms, worn by some of the girls.

The gentlemen looked as handsome as George Washington himself. The stocks and ruffles of lace, the black velvet bows on their powdered hair proved very becoming, to say nothing of the graceful long coats, full knee trousers, and buckle shoes. What old-school manners they had! They bowed to the floor with courtly grace over a lady's hand, or lightly kissed the tips of her fingers, while she responded blushing by a graceful, sweeping courtesy.

The ball was opened by the president of the club, Miss Elizabeth Verser, and Miss Mary Coleman as leaders. The figures were beautiful and intricate, and were performed with perfect grace and accuracy. Dancing was made more delightfully inviting than usual by the tempting music provided by Miss Daisy Minor and Miss Fannie Bristow.

The couples taking part in this most delightful dance of the session were Misses Elizabeth Verser and Mary Coleman, Hattie Bugg and Carrie Kyle, Anne and Mildred Richardson, Lelia

Jackson and Nellie Jackson, Elizabeth Stokes and Hazel Thompson, Hontas Tinsley and Elizabeth Batten, Bertha Braithwaite and Jaira Chapman, March Edmunds and Mary Watkins, Ruth Redd and Bessie Howard, Bessie McCraw and Merle Abbitt, Julia Massey and Fannie Munden, Steptoe Campbell and Lucile Pleasants, Bessie Sterrett and Lula Sutherlin, Mollie Byerly and Emma Edwards, Florrie Batten and Mamie Jones, Mary Ford and Mary Spencer, Blanche Armistead and Vivian Boisseau, Jacque Etheridge and Lucy Warburton, Rochet McKinney and Juliette Hundley, Nancy Garrow and Alice Ware.

Letter to Santa Claus.

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA,

November 25, 1905.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS.—

When Christmas is coming all the children begin to write to you. Will you have time to read one more little note? I don't want to ask anything for myself this time, but want you to bring my teachers what would please them best.

Mr. Jarman would like a big box of good cigars with plenty of matches to light them. Please bring Miss Whiting a lesson plan illustrating fully "thought-getting" and thought-giving." Give Mr. Mattoon a class of girls who will "get down to deep thinking" and "put away all manual training materials;" this will afford him a "peculiar pleasure."

Bring Miss Dugger a doll that can say "Don't you see," and the thing Miss Rice would like best is silence in the "lower hall."

Please bring Miss Hills' 9 o'clock "Gym" class another key to the gymnasium, and help Miss Cox and Miss Gwyn to impress upon the girls the fact that their class-rooms must not be used as a passway.

Bring Miss Snow so many bugs and worms that she will be the envy of every collector on the globe, and I am sure Miss Sutherland and Miss Hiner would appreciate new class-rooms.

Miss Blackiston would be delighted to have some more notes for Senior geography. Miss Andrews, I know, would like a class of girls who will "keep on trying until they succeed, not aiming at that which is good, but that which is best."

Please bring the girls who loaf on the campus invisible cloaks to wear while Miss Coulling is in her class-room and something that will knock on her window to stop them from talking. And, Santa, don't forget to send somebody (no matter whom) to clear the halls of girls waiting to walk with Miss

Lancaster; and bring some sealing wax to use on those girls who ask twenty times a day, "Aren't you just crazy about Miss Harrison? I think she is dear!" And please don't forget to bring Miss Smithey another period for that eight o'clock French class. Dr. Sears needs a little more time for each class and someone to remind him when Civics meets; Miss London wants some brains for her Arithmetic classes, and Dr. Messenger another term in which to finish his discussion of "Moral Training."

Give Miss Allen a class of girls who will "rise when they recite," and know all the sharps and flats. Please bring Miss Winston a good supply of tubes, and make every other Monday a few hours longer so that Miss Tabb can have time to record all her notes.

This is all, dear Santa, for the teachers, but we all want a covered way to the auditorium, and hope you will give every member of the faculty such power to teach and every girl such power to learn that not a girl will be pitched in February. I hope I am not asking too much, but if I am, just leave out everything but the last.

Your little friend,

HATTIE PAULETT.

Ditties of Yule-Tide.

“ England was merry when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft might cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.”

**The Yule-
 Log.** Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
 Till sunne-set let it burn,
 Which quenched, then lay it up again,
 Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
 The Christmas log next yeare;
 And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
 Can do no mischief there.—*Herrick.*

**The
 Dinner,** All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined,
 Come, here is good news for to pleasure your minds,—
 Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
 He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse:
 Then come, boys, and welcome for diet the chief,
 Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast
 beef.—*Evans' Old Ballads.*

**The
 Mistletoe.** O brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
 But the Mistletoe banishes melancholy.
 Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know,
 What is done—under the Mistletoe.

**An Old
 Christmas
 Carol.** God bless the master of this house,
 The mistress also,
 And all the little children
 That round the table go,
 And all your kin and kinsmen
 That dwell both far and near;
 I wish you a Merry Christmas,
 And a Happy New Year.

Editorials.

Christmas Times. "I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women and little children seem by one consent to open their hearts freely; and so I say, God bless Christmas."—Charles Dickens.

December Days. Surely December is the happiest, busiest month of the year. Preparation for Christmas has been going on a long time, but there are so many things that must be done these last few days. Bright minds are busy planning glad surprises, deft fingers are executing these plans. What tender love and wishes are put into this work on gifts for the loved ones.

The air seems full of the joy of the coming holidays. Christmas is coming! Christmas is almost here!—joyful hearts beat in unison with these messages that seem to be coming from every side.

It is not hard to study when one thinks that soon all work will be over for a time; that very soon we shall all go home to spend the happiest, the most glorious part of the whole year—the Christmas holidays.

Do not give yourselves brain fever trying to write your chum that note of thanks.

The Value of a Course in Library Work. Two of the members of our Faculty attended the Educational Association at Nashville. During Dr. Messenger's absence his classes were given interesting and instructive lectures on library work, by the librarian, Miss Dugger. We were made to feel more than ever our ignorance not only of the care of a library, but also of its use. It would be of great value to all, if some of these lectures

could be given in lower grades. A great deal of time could be saved by knowing just where to go for a reference, or at least how to find a certain book, if no one was in charge of the library at that time. Certainly it would save a great deal of needless work for the librarian, as well as for the girls, if such a course could be added to our schedules.

It is very necessary for every one who expects to teach to have some definite plan for the care of books and some idea of what books are most needed in a school. For nearly every school has a library, even though small, and if it has not, it is the duty of every earnest teacher to obtain one. In order to do this she should know before hand what books are best suited for her purpose. Then, if she is fortunate enough to have even the nucleus of a library she should be competent to care for these in some systematic manner. Would not a brief library course be valuable to the teacher of those new public schools that are to be blessed with apparatus, pictures, libraries, and Normal School graduates?

Each can help make this glad season full of the joy and peace of Christmas by little acts of kindness and love.

“It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

Hard Work Must It is to be hoped that since we left home we
Win Rest. have not laid aside all the pleasures and beliefs of
 childhood. Surely a few months of hard work
 would not have so serious an effect upon us! All that is needed
 is just a little freedom and each one will testify for herself that
 her gay spirit is still as much alive as ever.

How many of you naughty ones remember that it was your chief aim to be “just as good as gold” right before Christmas? You did not dare tease little brother or sister, or eat any of the cake and fruit that was being saved for company, for fear that some one would tell Santa Claus. Could anything have been more terrible than to let Santa know that you were bad? You would do almost as you pleased all the year round, until just a few weeks before the joyous season. Then what a change! Every one noticed what a good little child you had grown to be.

May we tell you something in the strictest confidence? Do you know that it still pays to be very good just before the holidays? Perhaps you no longer believe in any such nonsense, but that makes no difference. Just try and see, if you will not get a longer time at Christmas, if every one thinks that you have done really hard work for some time and need to rest your weary mind. Since we are all so eager for long holidays, let us do our work even more faithfully than usual. The old plan is at least worth a trial.

Every face around us reflects the joy of the coming Christmas-tide.

A prompt note of thanks Christmas week is better than fourteen pages of apologies in March.

The first Christmas gifts—Peace on earth, Good-will to men.

**A Plea for Class
Organizations.**

One of the things most necessary in all schools is strong school spirit. There is not any better way for this to be developed than by class organizations. If the members of a class are brought into closer touch with each other and stand for their rights whenever the occasion demands, the class spirit is increased, which of course has its effect upon the entire school.

This year the Seniors, realizing the grave responsibility, which will rest upon them after the B's leave in February, organized their class sooner than usual. In this way they hope to be able to begin their new work without so many worries, since the leader has been chosen.

If the lower classes would have their organization sooner in the year the members would come in closer touch with each other and would do better work. Organization binds a girl closer to those in her class, and makes her more ambitious to shine for them. It gives the girl who cannot stay till she graduates that class spirit and sense of fellowship which only comes from such organization, and which heretofore only Seniors have had.

Early formation means a great deal, not only to the classes but to the school also. It binds girls closer to the institution and makes school life and school comradeship mean more to them.

Would it not be better if the school would adopt one pin for all classes? It would only be necessary for the year of graduation to be changed, the rest remaining the same. In this way every Normal graduate would be known by her pin. We are sure that after successful labor we all wish to be identified with our Alma Mater, and are prond to be recognized as graduates from an institution so well known in the South. Has no old graduate an inspiration as to the design which shall most appropriately express our school and its mission?

A subscription to THE GUIDON would be an acceptable Christmas gift.

The Wealth of the Poverty-Stricken. "This is the birthday of that Prince of Peace who brought gifts unto men," and rightly we celebrate it with offerings. The skies gave a new star; the angelic host a song; the shepherds came with humble love and adoration; the wise men brought the kingly treasures of the East; we try to bring our offerings and to bestow the remembrances of love. But the most precious gifts are not those that may be bought in the market; our dearest treasures cannot be valued in dollars and cents.

So often we hear people say, "I am almost sorry Christmas is coming, for I have nothing to give, and it is giving that makes Christmas worth while." They are right, for it is giving makes Christmas worth while; but they are wrong too, for nobody is so poor that he has nothing to give, unless he is wrapped up in himself and has nobody to love, unless there is nobody he can serve, then indeed he is a pauper. Love, gratitude, appreciation, thoughtfulness, self-sacrifice, service—these are the inestimable gifts, and we are free to give of them as much as our hearts can hold.

Is there not someone in your life who has been a true friend, who has stood by you through everything, and whom you feel you can never repay? Then write that friend a letter and pour

out your appreciation; make him feel that even though you have no gift of words your heart glows with gratitude. Such a letter, straight from the heart, will mean more than all the gifts in the world and the memory of it may be an inspiration for deeds of loving kindness to others. Perhaps there's a teacher who has been a source of inspiration, who has been of special help in leading you in the pathway to the highest. You realize all this and think how you would like to give him a beautiful present to show your appreciation. You cannot afford this, but you can tell him what he has been to you. The work of a teacher is so often unappreciated; we take the very best he has to give as a matter of course and feel that our attention is a reward in itself. Would our teacher ask any better Christmas present than to know his faithful efforts have been really and truly appreciated?

Perhaps you cannot give mother the present you would like. She has been so busy making preparation for Christmas and after the day is over and the reaction begins she will be tired and nervous and would like nothing more than to have an afternoon or a whole day in which to visit or do anything she may desire. It will mean, perhaps, a sacrifice of some pleasure, but mother's loving smile of thanks should be your reward. Then will be your opportunity to prove the love that vibrated in your voice when you said, "Oh, I wish I had something beautiful to give my dear mother!"

We should remember that real worth does not lie in either gold or silver, but in love and the contact of our lives with those of others. So even the poorest is not entirely without riches, for all have the power to give this love which makes Christmas the holiest, happiest season of the year.

Our Reading Table.

Anyone who enjoys a story written in a vague, mystical way and yet one which certainly teaches a profitable lesson, will find such a one in "The Ashes of Old Wishes," found in the December number of *McClure's Magazine*.

On Christmas eve we find an old Irishman sitting alone by the dying embers, while the wind was roaring around his cottage making mournful sounds as it whistled through the keyhole. He was thinking, he was wishing for something he knew not what, but he would never be happy until he had that one thing. At this moment the gloomy scene was changed by the appearance of the Master of Fairies himself, clad in his green velvet coat and crown of gold. In the course of the conversation which followed the little king found the cause of the unhappiness of the man and granted the fulfillment of three wishes with the exception of "riches." First he wished to live forever, secondly to be as comfortable and as well off as rich Lord Killgobbin, and thirdly that he should be happy.

In answer to these wishes the King of the Fairies changed him to an invisible form, and in a visit to an old couple so old as to be without friends and without any interest in life, that they were longing for death, he lost all desire for the fulfillment of his first wish.

A second flight, and they found themselves in the bedroom of Lord Killgobbin who, amid splendor, suffered both from his gouty foot and from the excess of his violent temper and was so miserable that the Irishman no longer had any desire to be "as comfortable and well off as rich Lord Killgobbin."

Then the King afflicted him with such a violent toothache that he realized he had not really known trouble, and promised the King that if he would relieve him of this he would return home, the happiest man in Ireland.

MYRTLE REA.

"THE MASTER."

This charming little story by Edward Stratton Holloway, in *The Reader*, was accounted by *The Literary Digest* to be the best short story of the month, and it is well worthy of that distinction.

The story turns on the fact that the "Master," who "has written the most beautiful, the greatest music of any one alive now can write no more." Yet when little "Felix" comes into his darkened life, the child is an inspiration to his clouded brain, and he is able to write grander, nobler music than ever before. It is a beautiful picture—the old man sitting there, writing, writing, and the little boy playing by his side, the snowflake and the rose petal both in one garden. "Felix" is awed by him no longer; they are drawn together by the artist's soul in each.

The character of little "Felix" is well drawn. We are made to feel his innate nobility, that will not question a servant about his master, and that makes him confess, though after a struggle, when he feels he has done wrong.

The story is beautifully written. The action, with a single exception, flows smoothly, evenly along. It is a sweet, tender, pathetic bit of prose.

BLANCHE MADELINE GENTRY.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN INDIAN IN BRONZE.

J. Mayne Baltimore has given us an interesting paragraph in *The Craftsman*, on Putnam's statue of the typical American Indian. His description is vivid and recalls very forcibly the Red man as he was when he roamed the western plains. The attention is called to certain parts of the statue which are more or less obscure, but wonderful when examined.

"This Indian has been on the trail, and a mountain lion, the spoil of his bow and arrow, lies on the boulder against which he leans." His only clothing is the breech-clout of the southern Indian. Every line of his stalwart frame indicates that he is accustomed to simple fare, hard exercise and natural living. "His attitude is one of rest, yet he is hardly conscious of being tired. He is gazing at a far distant horizon, but his look is one

of musing rather than of watchfulness--the musing of one who is in absolute and unconscious harmony with the world that bounds his life."

We must thank Mr. Baltimore for this description, for it will not be the pleasure of all of us to visit the statue which is destined to be placed in the Plaza of San Diego.

BESSIE McCRAW, '06.

Argus.

Open Column.

Help needed! Will some kind friend come to our rescue, and tell us what we are to do?

The front door is locked. Of course, that is only right, because if the girls were allowed to go in and out whenever they desired, it would be impossible to keep the "Reception Hall" nice and clean. We all know that would be a terrible calamity, to have our hall in the least disorder. We are not allowed to go through the class rooms, because the girls are so very thoughtless as to leave the doors open and freeze out the classes that have to occupy these rooms.

The training school hall is not for the use of the public. We all know it would never do to have just anybody and everybody passing through and attracting the attention of the pupils.

Now, what are we to do? Surely we can all see very clearly that it is only right and proper that these doors be kept shut, but what are we to do? Suppose that some morning we are a little late coming to breakfast, what is to become of us? Must we rush to the back of the building and every one scramble up the back steps, or is it safer to cast our lot with the crowd pushing in the one side door and squeezing through the narrow hall?

When you are walking around the yard in order to obtain a little fresh air before meals, you really become so confused on hearing the bell ring that you haven't the slightest idea which way to run. You are afraid to try one door because you know you will wish you had tried the other. Please help us! Or perhaps the constant exercise of the sweet grace of patience will cultivate such angelic virtue that we will all grow beautiful wings. Then instead of rushing madly from door to door, and finding all locked and barred,—then we can float serenely in through the dome. Perhaps the Powers that Be anticipate some such transformation. But until the wings grow what are we to do? Please help us!

A PLEA FOR MORE TIME IN THE LIBRARY.

At present our library hours are from 9 to 1; 2.15 to 3.45; 5 to 6; 7.30 to 9.30. True, that makes about nine hours a day, and you may say anybody can do all required reading in nine hours. But suppose there are two books in the library to which a class of sixty are referred. Those books cannot be taken from the library. Then the girls must use them at their vacant periods. All so good; but a certain girl has only two vacant periods. Every time she tries to get that book some one has it. She goes to the library at 3.45; it is closed. As she is a town girl it is hard for her to come to the library at night or to lose the time from 3.45 to 5.00 o'clock. So what is she to do? Truly it is not her fault that she is unprepared. Then shall she fail just because the library is not open long enough?

Again, here is a town girl with no vacant periods who must write a paper for THE GUIDON, Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., or Seminar. She must look for material in the library; but when? It closes at 3.45. There is nothing else for her to do but ask some kind friend to collect material for her. Now there are numbers of these idle friends on every corner (?).

I am a boarder. I have been told to acquaint myself with several psychologists such as, Stout, James, Royce, Judd, Halleck, and a few others. I go to the library my first vacant period, introduce myself, and before I have progressed very rapidly with my acquaintanceship the period is up and I must leave. Again I go at 3.45 only to be disappointed. From 7.00 to 9.30 I have a number of lesson plans to write and lessons to prepare. Still I go to the library, not to finish, but to wish for a few minutes in the library in the morning.

You may ask me, those who do not agree with me, why not study other lessons and leave library work for library hours? Or say, "You are supposed to walk in the afternoons." And I partly agree with you. What, though, is the girl to do who lives across town? She gets her walk going to and from home. Then she must waste from 3.45 to 5.00 because the library is closed.

Again I say, the library should be opened at 8 a. m. From 8 to 8.40 we have nowhere to study. Our room-

mates are cleaning so we must leave our rooms. There is too much noise in the hall to stay there. Where must be the place then? The library, of course, but it is not open. If it were we would go there and spend the forty minutes, otherwise wasted, in freshening our minds on the day's work. Then perhaps the loving notes from our president would be less frequent.

Don't understand me to say that every girl would spend her time thus, but I do say that the most would. The library should be open from 8 a. m. to 9.36 p. m. If the library belongs to the school why should not the school-girl have free access to it all the time?

THE RECEPTION HALL DOOR.

In silent awe I gaze and dread
To e'enⁿ within its shadow tread,
Lest swiftly down upon my head

The thunder's crash may pour.
I stand and look with wistful eye
And heave a sad regretful sigh
As there before me I espy

That Closed Reception Door.

Five days and nights of every week
I hasten by with blanching cheek,
In dread, lest some one hear the creak

Of my feet on that floor;
That floor so polished, slick and bright,
Extending wide from left to right
About the doors all robed in white,
That Closed Reception Door.

When, weary of my daily class,
I happen through the hall to pass,
Upon that door I gaze, Alas!

My heart both sad and sore.
" 'Tis not for me," I sadly say.
" 'Tis not for me to pass that way:
Oh! why am I denied, I pray,
That Closed Reception Door?"

On Sunday, 'round this hallowed place
 There ne'er is seen a single face,
 Nor doth a mortal dare to pace
 Across the sacred floor.

And through the week all wayward feet
 Must from that place in haste retreat
 Lest they profane the spot so neat—
 That Closed Reception Door.

Ah ! what is that ? A sound I hear,
 As if 'twere footsteps drawing near !
 I'll wait to see what doth appear
 Ere I retreat once more.

Behold ! a maid has opened wide
 That portal long to us denied,
 A host of youths are brought inside
 That Closed Reception Door.

And to the parlor they retire
 And call for maidens they admire,
 Who soon appear in fine attire
 As oft they've done before.

'Tis Friday night and all is joy,
 For each girl chatters to a boy,
 But naught for us can e'er destroy
 That Closed Reception Door.

The reason now at last each knows
 Why we must bear our many woes,
 A few must entertain the beaux
 Who flock there by the score.
 While we, poor things, remain aloof:
 In little rooms up near the roof,
 The cause remains in silent proof,
 That Closed Reception Door.

E'en at the fountain do you think
 That such as we may get a drink ?
 From all attempt I fain would shrink
 And tremble to the core,

For, though a drink we madly crave,
Like some poor guilty shiv'ring slave,
In hopeless fear we dare not brave
That Closed Reception Door.

It haunts me in the dead of night,
I wake from out my sleep in fright,
Of food I scarce enjoy a bite,

Nor am I as of yore.

Now when I have at last to die
And to the realms above I fly,
I hope my spirit will not spy
A Closed Reception Door.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The weeks have passed swiftly by, and before we have had time to realize it Christmas is almost here. Christmas means a great deal to all, and especially to the school-girl who may spend that happy time at home.

For a few days, a cloud seemed to hang over the Normal School and all connected therewith, for it was whispered abroad that, by order of the Board, we should have only one day at Christmas. Hearts were sad, and justly so, those days; for this Draconian decree meant no pleasant trip home, no sight of the dear ones there, none of the Christmas pleasures that can be had only at home. Some of the girls, calmly resigned to their fate, said, "I can stand it if others can;" but now and then could be heard a voice rising in vehement protest, "I just cannot stand it. I must go home."

In the midst of all this gloom, a bright day dawned! A pleasantly cool, frosty morning gradually turned into a day of sunshine, a day that did one's heart good, a day in which all things seemed to go right. Tests were not hard, lessons were easier than had been thought. Everybody was happy—why, we could not imagine, with no prospect of spending the Christmas holidays at home, with nothing to look forward to except work, work, work, until June. About mid-day, when the sun was at its brightest, tests and lessons were almost over, and we

had a chance to walk on the campus for a while we heard another little whisper, "The Board has decided to give ten days Christmas." Then, and not until then, were we able to understand why we felt so joyful. In some magical way Christmas was veritably in the air, and we had felt it. This coming event cast not its shadow, but its sunshine before!

We feel sure that the final decision of the Board is a wise one. No girl can study if she be homesick or blue, and if none of us should be allowed to go home Christmas we would wear our school colors in our hearts and on our faces too. After we spend a few days at home we shall be ready to go to work again with fresh vigor.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

THE third week in November was observed by young women all over the world as a week of prayer for association work. The Y. W. C. A. of this school joined with other associations in praying for this work. The meetings were held in the auditorium just after supper, and were led by members of the faculty. The topic for the week was Power, and every evening some phase of the subject was discussed. The work of foreign associations was also presented. The closing meeting was held on Saturday afternoon, at five o'clock. The special music added much to the interest of the program. The choir sang a beautiful hymn, Miss Alleen Andrews played "Supplication," and Mr. Mattoon sang "Face to Face." The average attendance was two hundred and fifty. The meetings were most helpful to all who spent that quiet time together. The "World" nickel collection" amounted to seven dollars.

The mission study class now has about ninety members. The meetings are held in Room J, at twelve o'clock on Saturdays. The text-book used is Knights of the Laborum. The leaders are Miss Rice, Miss Lancaster, and Miss Hiner.

Belle Brosius is chairman of the Poster Club this year. The members have worked faithfully, and have shown considerable skill in designing. They have made some very attractive posters, which are valuable in advertising the meetings.

Alumnae Notes.

Eleanor C. White, class of June 1903, is one of the faculty at Tarboro Male Academy, Tarboro, N. C.

Minnie Thomason and Jemima Hurt, two of the class of June 1904, are teaching near Salem, Va.

Henrietta Watkins while on a camping party last summer had her eyes painfully injured. We are delighted to hear that she is much better, and that her eyes have improved enough for her to teach, in a private family at Whitmell, Va.

Mrs. Elliot Booker, one of the brides of the summer, is now living in Farmville, Va.

Pauline Camper is teaching in the Salem Graded High School, and is actively engaged in Y. W. C. A. work in Salem.

Cards are out for the marriage of Katherine Harrower and Mr. Samuel Blanton of Farmville. The wedding will take place Wednesday, November 29, in Walkerton.

Calva Watson and Grace Wilson, both of the class of June 1905, visited the Normal School the latter part of November.

Miss Ethel Cole, of Fredericksburg, Va., is visiting Mrs. Dr. Winston in Farmville. We have had the pleasure of seeing her several times during her visit.

Bee LaBoyteaux, who made the Normal so jolly last year, is teaching near her home at Charles Town, W. Va.

Lucy Anderson, class of February 1905, visited the Normal on Friday, November 24.

Mary Lou Campbell, '04, is teaching in Pulaski, Va.

Our twins, Carrie and Bessie McGeorge, '04, are teaching near Walkerton. Carrie is principal of the school, and Bessie is her assistant, though we feel sure the children have never found out which is which.

Ruth Schmeltz had a delightful trip through Europe last summer, visiting England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy and Germany. The party was chaperoned by members of the Faculty of Hollins.

Bessie Wade visited the Education Conference Commission held at Lynchburg during the Thanksgiving holidays. She is teaching in Halifax County.

Jokes.

BUT A NOUN DOES.

English Teacher.—“How is the infinitive unlike a noun?”

Miss N-n- (frantically waving her hand).—“The infinitives does not assert.”

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STUDYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Not having prepared her lessons for Monday, a new girl decides to get up on Sunday night, after twelve o'clock, to study. For fear of disturbing her room-mates, she stretches an umbrella over each of them calmly sleeping. But they perversely awake and insist that the studious one shall put the light out and retire. She decides to take the light into the closet, so that it will not disturb them. To her utter amazement it goes out immediately after it is unscrewed! She wonders why!

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EXPLANATIONS WERE IN ORDER!

A new girl, admiring a girl's society pin: “Oh, where did you get it?”

“At Mr. Blanton's.”

“I certainly am going to get me one with the very next money I get from home.”

.

SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

M-r-g-r-t Sh-r-p: “Why do you have to put salt on a bird's tail to catch him?”

.

AND IT WAS A SENIOR.

“Why, I didn't know there was any difference between scaley-barks and hickory nuts! I thought they both grew on oak trees.”

A QUOTATION FROM THE BIBLE.

"I must go up to Uncle Pat's and pay him that dime I owe him, for you know the Bible says, 'Owe no man nothing.'"

.

A new girl, very much disturbed over the fire extinguisher: "Why, Miss Allen, this thing is as cold as ice! There must not be any fire in here."

.

Miss C—x, after sending half of the class to the board, says to the rest of the class: "You will have an oral lesson to-day."

A voice from the back of the room: "Miss C—x, must we hand it in?"

Miss C—x, emphatically: "No, I said you were to have an oral lesson."

"Yes, I understood that, but want to know if you want it written?"

.

A new girl approaches "Aunt Pattie" with this request: "Please, ma'am, show me how to start a fire in this register for it is so cold early every morning when I have to get up to study."

.

A NEW REMEDY.

M-r-y, very much distressed over a letter from home, says to her room-mate: "My little sister has diphtheria, and I know the rest of the children will take it!"

"Well, why don't they intoxicate them?"

.

HARD ON THE FIRST A'S.

Teacher, speaking to a first A class: "How many of you heard the 'Brown University Glee Club' which gave an entertainment here in 1901?"

Notes of Local Interest.

Dr. J. F. Messenger and Miss Mary D. Pierce attended the Southern Educational Association which met in Nashville, Tenn., November 20-26.

Miss Bettie Price Starling, of the Senior class, who was called home, on November 12, by the illness of her mother, has returned to school leaving her mother much improved.

Mr. C. A. Ford, of Boyce, Clarke county, spent November 20 and 21 with his daughter, Miss Susie, of the Senior class.

The most enjoyable social function of the month was a "Colonial Ball" given by the "German Club" on the evening of November 17, in the gymnasium.

Mr. W. N. Cole, of Mannering, West Virginia, visited his sister, Miss Annie Nuckols, on November 18.

Rev. Mr. Graham, pastor of the Presbyterian church, gave a delightful lecture on Japan, Tuesday evening, November 21, in the auditorium. It was illustrated by beautiful stereoptican views and proved very interesting and instructive.

Mrs. S. H. Thompson, of Bluefield, West Virginia, was the guest of her daughters, Misses Flora and Lillian, on the eleventh of November.

Miss Ethel Cole, of Fredericksburg, Va., a graduate of January 1902, visited the school on November 19.

Miss Hattie Crute, who was called home on November 17, by the illness of her grandfather, has resumed her duties at school, her grandfather being very much improved.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees visited the school November 20-22. All the girls are wondering how much Christmas vacation they decided upon.

Mrs. W. G. Pleasants, of Boydton, Virginia, spent the holidays with her daughter, Miss Lucile Pleasants.

Miss A. J. Thraves chaperoned Misses Georgia Newby, Hontas Tinsley, Bessie Ferguson, and Juliette Hundley to Richmond to a convention of the Alpha Sigma Alpha Sorority at the Richmond Hotel on November 30 to December 2.

Miss Isa McKay Compton very pleasantly entertained the following young ladies: Misses Edith Duvall, Carrie Dungan, Lizzie Kizer, Henrietta Dunlap, Nellie Baker, Sallie Jones, Flora Thompson, Mary Schofield and Gertude Burton, on Friday afternoon, December 2. A guessing contest was the order of entertainment, and was very much enjoyed by all.

Miss Carrie Sutherlin spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Miller School.

Miss Isabelle Flournoy and Miss Mary Watkins spent the holidays at their home, at Charlotte Courthouse.

Miss Frances Munden spent the holidays with relatives in Richmond.

Mrs. J. F. Messenger entertained at tea, Thursday night, November 30, Misses Henrietta Dunlap, Lula Sutherlin and Gertrude Burton.

Dr. W. H. Heck, Professor of Education at the University of Virginia, visited the school on November 29.

Mrs. Thackston and Miss Mary White Cox went to Richmond November 26, shopping. They stopped at Murphy's Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Buchanan, of Fayetteville, Ark., were guests of President and Mrs. Jarman on November 29. Dr. Buchanan was a member of the original Board of Trustees which

established the State Normal School twenty years ago, until he was called to Arkansas to take charge of the State University.

The following young ladies attended the Tnahksgiving german at Hampden-Sidney, Friday evening, November 24: Misses Daisy Minor, Hattie Bugg, Anne and Mildred Richardson, the guests of Mrs. John Venable; Misses Hontas Tinsley, Mary Spencer, Lucile Pleasants, the guests of Mrs. Lacy; Miss Mary Watkins, Miss Elizabeth Cochran and Martha Edmunds, guests of Miss Susie Venable; and Miss Lois Leonard, guest of Mrs. Edmunds.

Many students and training school children and several teachers took part in the comic opera scenes, "Echoes," on Tuesday evening, November 28, at the Opera House. This attractive entertainment was given under the management of Mr. J. S. Atkinson, of Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association. The entertainment was a great success.

Miss Steptoe Christian Campbell, of the Senior class, was called home Sunday, November 26, by the illness of her sister, Miss Carrie Campbell, who died Thursday morning, November 30.

Misses Ida Fretwell and Florence Stoneham spent the holidays in Lynchburg, at Woman's College, with the latter's sister, Miss Annie Stoneham.

The Thanksgiving vacation of two days was pleasantly and profitably spent by all.

The majority of the Faculty members spent their vacation in Lynchburg attending the meeting of the Co-operation Education Commission. Those present were: Misses Hills, London, Gwyn, Hiner, Dunn, Haliburton, Harrison, Coulling, Whiting, Cox, Pierce, Smithey, Tabb, Winston, Snow, Woodruff, Sutherland, Misses Andrews, Dr. Messenger, Mr. Mattoon, President and Mrs. Jarman.

Master Bland Mason, of Mattoax, Va., spent the holidays with his sisters, Misses Maude and Carrie Mason.

Exchanges.

The November magazines, with their dark, autumn covers, make us feel sad at the passing of the summer. But on looking within the covers we find bright hope and gay humor and we forget to be sad.

"Will It Pay to Go to College," in the November number of *The War-Whoop*, is well worth reading. It encourages us to push ever onward and "be a leader in the world's advancement." "Mattie's Ghost" is quite a delightful little story; it is well worked out. "Alone with Nature" shows a sympathetic knowledge of the charms of Nature. The Y. W. C. A. editor has given us an interesting account of ten days spent in "The Land of the Sky." Truly, Asheville must be the place of all places for the annual conferences of the Young Women's Christian Association. There is not a single poem in the magazine. Why are the poets silent?

The interest of *The Monthly Chronicle* is chiefly local. "Frog Tales" is a stale attempt at fun. "How I Spent My Vacation" is fairly interesting. The first part especially, of the poem, "A Dream of Love," shows poetic effort rather than poetic spontaneity.

The author of "A Frontier Celebration" in the November number of *The Tattler* gives us in a few words a vivid picture of one of those representations of frontier life which has become an annual celebration in one of our Western cities. There is something so sweetly appreciative of children in "The Boy" that it at once enlists our sympathy and interest. The delicate touch of romance adds charm to the story. "The Cherub" is an interesting story with a well-laid plot. "The Song of the Mountains" is a bit of real poetry which gives promise of greater

things. We are sorry to see that *The Tattler* has no Exchange Department.

"Our Sunny South" in the November number of *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine* reveals the hand of a skillful writer. Its sentiment we are sure will find an answering throb in every Southern heart. "Apple Blossoms" is an up-to-date love story. The hero and heroine are not of the shadowy past, they are the college man and the college girl of to-day. "The Companionship of Books" and "An Early Puritan Romance" are deserving of praise-worthy mention. "Res Bonae Obscurae" is an interesting feature of this magazine. The November number of the magazine shows a great improvement over the October number.

"The Evolution of the Japanese," in *The Emory and Henry Era*, shows familiarity on the part of the author with the history of Japan and an understanding of the significance of the facts of her history. "Rube" gives a picture of the rough fighting man who, despite an unpromising exterior, is at heart truly great and noble. The poetry of this issue is good. The editorials are interesting and full of good suggestions. As a whole the magazine is one of the best we have seen.

From Other Magazines.

Dr. McC—(in Fresh. History).—"Mrs. B., can you tell us for what purpose the tower of Babel was built?"

Mr. B—. "It was built for a summer resort to keep the dust from bothering the people. The king lived in the very upper story."

_

"I just peeped into the parlor as I passed," said Susie to Mary B., "and saw quite a freak of nature."

Mary B.— "Why, Clara, is in there with her gentleman caller."

Susie.— "Yes, I saw two heads on one pair of shoulders."

_

(At reception after Debate.)—Mrs. M— to Miss N—. "Come on, let us all go to supper."

Miss N—, who is with Mr. L—, (sweetly). "Perhaps Mr. L— wishes to take some one else to supper."

Mr. L— (much confused). "Er-er—if you want to go—I, I, I'll go with yer." (They went.)

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